

SPRING, 1941

VOLUME VII



H A M I L T O N I A N

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H I G H S C H O O L

HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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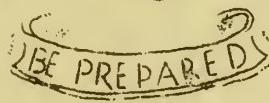
# LITERARY

## NATIONAL DEFENSE

As the world meets its crises day by day, so must we, the citizens of the United States, meet ours. Defense is a very common word these days, yet very important. National Defense demands that each and every person in the United States be willing to cooperate. As the young men of the nation register for military training, we should register for home defense. For example, women are needed for office work, nursing, preparation of meals, and many other duties; men who are experienced in police work, fire fighting, and handling boats are qualified for National Defense.

We must all realize that if the English people had not fully cooperated in the defense of Britain, they would now be suffering defeat. When we insure our homes, it is not that we expect them to be destroyed, but because we wish to protect them against any possible disaster. In like manner, this vast nation of ours, must be insured by our ceaseless labor against any catastrophe which might befall it. That is National Defense.

## FLYING TACTICS

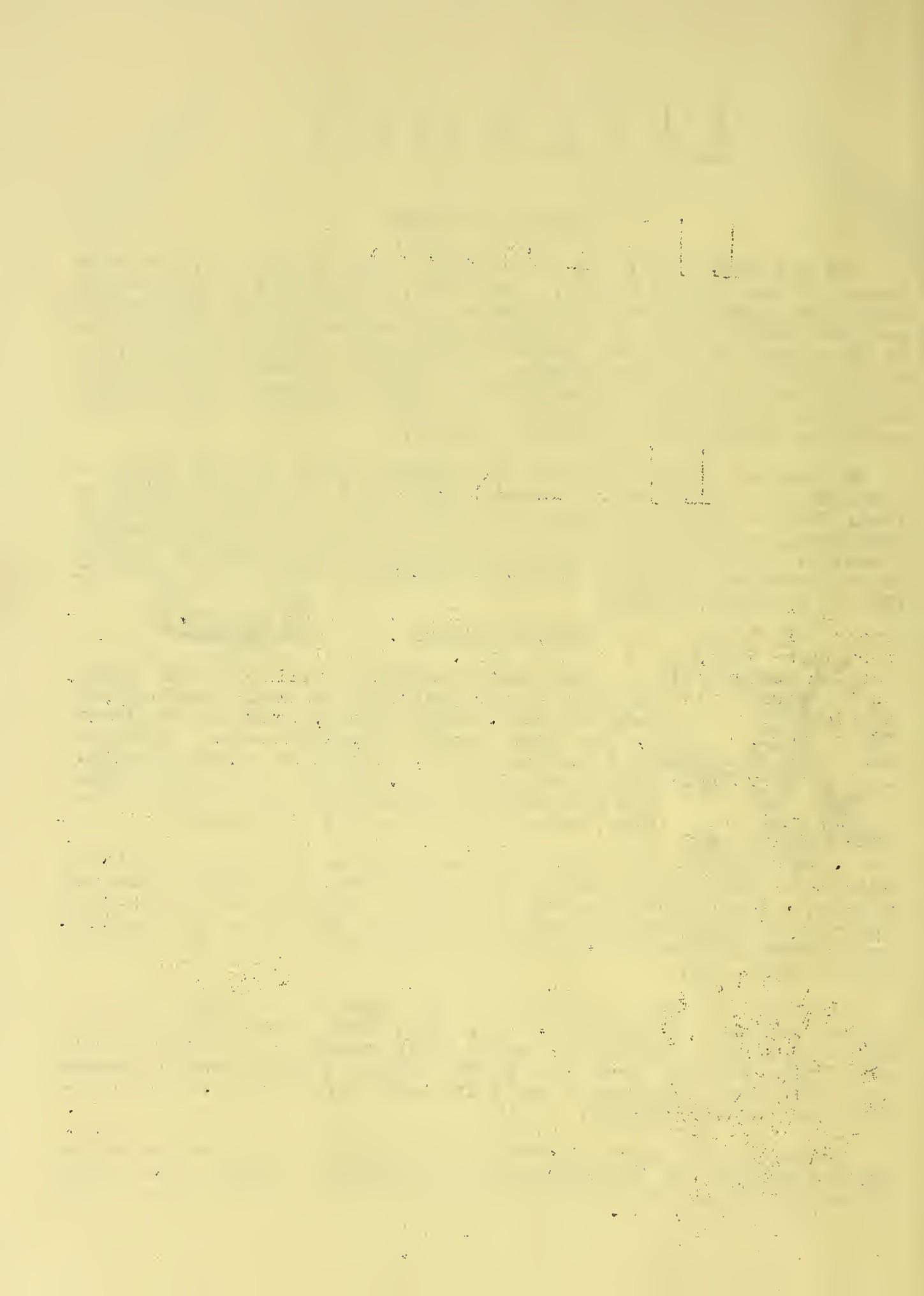


Mrs. Robin Red Breast flew back and forth all day, busily building her nest, availing herself of the string which my mother had placed on the back porch to help her out. Soon her nest was built and the game of courting began. After several days of inviting and repulsing, Mr. and Mrs. Robin settled down, and within a few days, there were three eggs in the nest.

Each morning, Mr. Robin solemnly watched the eggs in the nest while Mrs. Robin had her breakfast. After many days of watching and waiting, three baby robins were hatched. Then Mr. and Mrs. Robin's work really began; they toiled from daylight till dark, filling three hungry mouths. Poor Mother Robin, it was plain to see, was growing thinner every day.

At last the day came when it was time for the young birds to leave their nests and learn to fly. Mrs. Robin coaxed them to fly, but to no avail. At this, Father Robin seemed to get quite upset, and flying angrily from his lofty lookout down to the limb where the nest was, he began to pull it apart, while Mrs. Robin flew around and screamed wildly.

After pulling away the props on one side of the nest, he deliberately stepped on the other side and tipped it over. Three baby robins lay crying on the ground! Within one hour, Mr and Mrs. Robin



began again to teach their much subdued children the first lessons in flying. I feel that they must have been successful, for one morning, I saw a family of five robins catching worms on the side lawn.

M. Goodhue '41

### A FRANTIC SEARCH

One summer a few years ago while our family was enjoying camp life on the shore of a lake in the Maine woods, something occurred which caused us to lose a night's sleep. When ready to retire, my mother went over to look at my brother, who had gone to bed several hours before. Alas, the cot was empty! Because of his habit of walking in his sleep, my parents were greatly alarmed, fearing he might have fallen into the lake, or that he might have wandered into the woods. A frantic search of the lake shore and the woods, and repeated calling brought no result. Worried inquiries at the few camps in back of our tent--still no relief to our fears. In despair and anxiety, we returned to the tent, racking our minds as to what to do next.

When a scraping noise startled our taut nerves, we rushed into the tent to investigate. The cot was still empty, and nothing could be found to explain the noise. With hearts racing, and imagination running wild, we gazed at each other perplexedly. Finally, my mother lifted the blanket from behind the empty cot. There was the missing boy! He had rolled off the cot in his sleep, and a blanket had fallen over him. In the darkness, and due to the frenzy that seized my parents upon not finding him on the cot, he had not been noticed in this hidden position. The torturing suspense of the hunt over, peace settled once more on the woodland scene as, scoffing at our unnecessary alarm, we gratefully retired for the night.

R. Martin '42

### A STARTLING EXPERIENCE



My aunt's enormous house, where I was once vacationing in a small country town in the back woods of New Hampshire, seemed to me a setting for weird and mysterious happenings.

Early one evening, my aunt went out planning to return about half-past eight; however, due to some misfortune, she was unable to come back, and telephoned that she would not be home until morning. Not relishing the prospect of a night alone in that lonely place, I went about the house locking all doors and windows. About nine o'clock, I decided to retire for the night.

About midnight, my slumber was interrupted by a heavy rapping at the door. Thoroughly frightened, I hesitated to go to the door. Mustered all my courage, I tiptoed to the window, peered out, and saw the shape of a stranger standing at the door. What would anyone want at this time of night? Had someone found out I was here





alone? Questions like these raced through my mind. Recollections of front page murder stories terrorized me and for a moment paralyzed all action. Finally, I shouted to him through the window and asked him his object.

"Is anyone else at home?" He yelled.

"Yes, my watchdog is with me," I replied, trying to subdue the terror that gripped me. The knowledge that there was a loaded gun in the house was the only comforting thought my brain could acquire.

He asked this question over and over again and at last, apparently convinced, left. When the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, I went back to bed still stiffened with fear, yet ready to spring up at the slightest sound. However, the rest of the night passed peacefully, and at last, after what seemed at least two hours, I fell into a fitful sleep.

Early the next morning, I rose and turned on the radio. To my amazement, I heard that an escaped inmate of the local insane asylum, who had been prowling around in our neighborhood, had been apprehended. With a sigh of relief, I sat down to breakfast, rather pleased with myself that I had been so fearless.

Mary Schofield '42

#### FRIEND OR FOE?

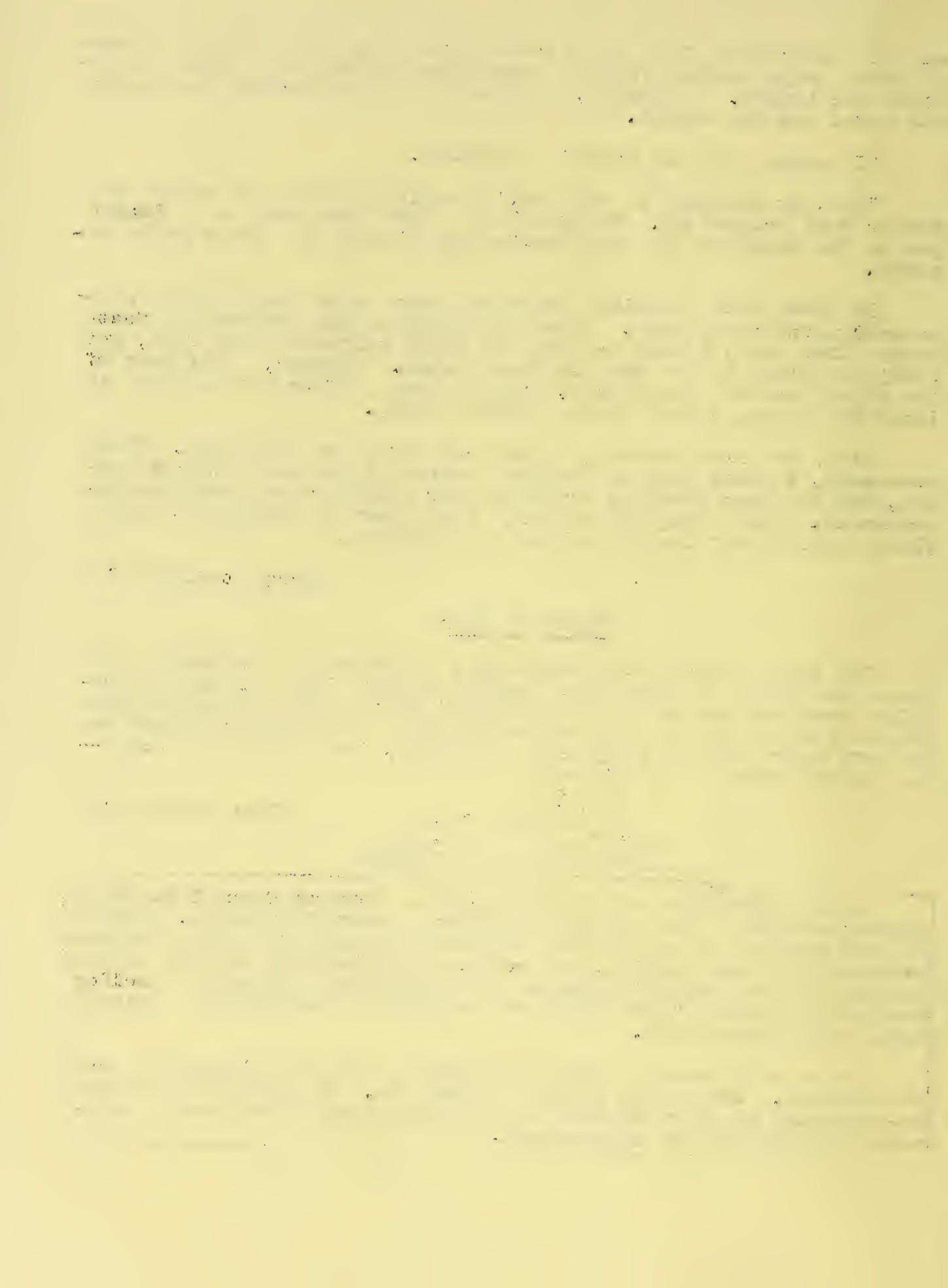
Who has not heard that blustering, boisterous destroyer of peace who speaks in harsh and booming voice? Who can look cheerfully into the face of that independent little pest who speaks when you most decidedly do not want to hear him? But who can start the day off right without that raster of minutes, that killer of sleep--the alarm clock?

Dana Perkins '42

#### A MESSAGE FROM THE COUNCIL

With commendable determination, the Student Council has this quarter attacked the problem of missing personal property. After several meetings in which the situation and possible solutions were examined from many angles, and various consultations between student leaders and the council advisor, the council has adapted a policy designed to remedy "borrowing" and to create a cooperative spirit among the student body.

It is only through unity of purpose that our objectives can be attained. Our school is what we make it. The council seeks the co-operation of every student in building school spirit and welcomes suggestions for improvement.





## THE CASE THAT NEVER CAME TO TRIAL

Dan MacCarthy, a mill worker in a little town called Homesville in New Hampshire, lived with his wife Mary, and their only child, Dan, Junior, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. They were very happy in their little home until Dan MacCarthy, Senior, was stricken with appendicitis and died. This was a terrible shock for Mrs. MacCarthy and her son Dan, for it meant Mrs. MacCarthy would have to go to work; and Dan would have to go to kindergarten while his mother was at work, for Dan was only four.

Mrs. MacCarthy found work as a counter girl in one of the local stores. The pay was small; but, by careful planning she was able to support herself and son. She loved her son dearly and lavished upon him all the things her small earnings could buy. When at work or talking with any of her neighbors, she constantly kept telling how wonderful her son was.

Twenty years passed, and Mrs. MacCarthy was still praising her son, a young man of twenty four. She thought her son more wonderful than any of the other local boys and used to talk continuously about him with Mrs. Casoy, the woman who had looked after Dan after he got home from kindergarten and later when he got home from school.

Mrs. Casey was the wife of the town's constable, James Casey. One evening when Mrs. Casey was talking with her husband, she asked "Jim, do you know what kind of position Danny MacCarthy has?

He must have a good one if he can afford to buy a new car and have Mrs. MacCarthy stop working."

"My dear," said Mr. Casey, looking his wife straight in the eye, "Can you keep a secret and not let it out till the time comes?"

"Why, of course, James, what is it?" asked Mrs. Casey all excited.

"Dan MacCarthy isn't working; that's why he has never told his mother where he's working."

"Isn't working!" interrupted Mrs. Casey, "Then how has he been getting all his money?"

"Well," spoke the constable, "Mrs. MacCarthy, the poor old soul, spoiled Dan so much that he thought he could have whatever he wanted no matter how he got it; consequently, Dan has taken what he thinks is the easiest way to earn a living,--by thieving."

"Thieving!" exclaimed the shocked Mrs. Casoy, "Then why haven't you arrested him? Poor Mrs. MacCarthy, it would kill her to know her son, whom she has adored since he was a baby, is a thief, and supporting her on the money he steals."

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"I know it," said James Casey, "but I won't have to tell her yet for we haven't been able to prove he's done it. He doesn't leave fingerprints, and nobody has caught him in the act, so we can't convict him yet."

"Well, then how do you know he is doing it?" asked Mrs. Casey.

"Where each of the robberies occurred, his car was seen parked; besides, how else can you account for his sudden wealth? He's not employed anywhere around here, for we've investigated. He has an alibi of working out of town but won't tell us where."

Just then the telephone rang. Mrs. Casey answered it telling Mr. Casey that he was wanted at once down at the drug store, that it had been robbed and the thief had been caught.

"Oh! James," said Mrs. Casey as her husband was putting on his things, "If it's Dan, will you let me know before going to Mrs. MacCarthy so I can go with you? I think it would be easier on her if I told her."

"Sure," replied Mr. Casey, "I think so too. Women can always tell things the best. I hope it isn't Dan for his mother's sake though. Well, good bye, for now, my dear, I'll let you know what happens as soon as I can."

About an hour later, James Casey came back home and said to his wife, "It was Dan all right. Gosh, I hate to think how badly his mother will feel. His trial will come up Saturday; he'll be convicted all right because the evidence against him is too strong."

"I sort of wish we didn't have to tell Mrs. MacCarthy, for I'm afraid it will kill her, but I suppose we might as well go and get it over with. Wait until I get my hat and coat though, will you?"

"Yes, but hurry, the quicker we get it over the less we'll have to worry," replied the constable.

Five minutes later, they were met at the door of Mrs. MacCarthy's house by Doctor Andrews who asked them to come in and sit down.

"I have some bad news for you," spoke the doctor after a long hesitation, "I know you have both been very friendly with Mrs. MacCarthy, and I hate to break the news to you. She had a shock in the early evening and died just a few minutes ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that in one respect, doctor, and in another I'm glad," spoke the constable, "We came over to tell Mrs. MacCarthy some bad news about her son. He was caught stealing from the drug store tonight and will have to face trial Saturday."



"Thanks to Death," spoke the doctor, "Mrs. MacCarthy will never have to know it. That son would have killed her anyway, and now she has passed away thinking her son the most wonderful boy in Homerville."

Just as they were leaving, the telephone rang. "Excuse me, please," said the doctor, "while I answer the 'phone."

Mr. and Mrs. Casey started to leave, but the doctor called to them. "Mr. Casey, it's for you."

"I wonder if that is more bad news. We've had two cases of it already tonight; it never rains but it pours," said Mrs. Casey to her husband.

The constable picked up the 'phone and the words that came through caused him to turn white. "What is it?" asked the impatient Mrs. Casey.

"There'll be a double funeral at the MacCarthy's. Dan has just hanged himself," replied Mr. Casey.

Doris Thimmer '42

#### THE STICK UP

Slick-Eyed Slim entered a store and came up to the counter and said, "Okay, buddy! Hand over the chicken feed."

The storekeeper turned around and handed him a small bag of Purina mash, saying, "Okay, here you are."

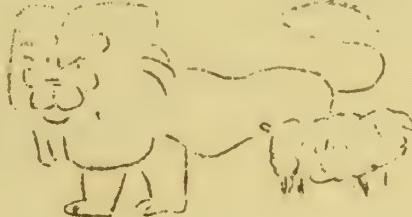
Slick said in any angry voice, "What's da matter wid youse, don't you understand English? I said "Chicken feed!"

The storekeeper replied, "Sure, and that's what I gave you."

Slick half disgusted said, "I seen the stuff in the cash-----" he stopped short as he saw Officer McGinty entering the store. "Oh, how's evrything wid youse officer?"

Officer McGinty, with an Irish accent replied, "Surc, and it's scing fine. How are you, my 'loy?"

Slick replied "My-oh-oh. I was trying wid all them store-keeper, and he thought I want dough. But I wanted the 'loy. 'Loy is hi dumb! See you later!"



J. Baker '41



## MISLEADING BELIEFS

The ground-hog's quite deceived us,  
No shadow did he show;  
March twenty-one, first day of spring  
Is here, and we have snow!

Now, I don't like to criticize  
What other folks believe;  
But since this fable has gone wrong,  
These facts you will perceive.

The blasting winds blow down my throat  
And choke me 'most to death;  
The snow blows up my nostrils cold  
And takes away my breath.

It's melting in the day-time,  
And freezing in the night;  
In spite of Mother Nature's pranks,  
Spring soon will win the fight.

D. S. '42



## WHY DO PEOPLE PLAY GOLF?

A decent reason why  
Folks go out on a tee,  
And dub, and hack, and miss,  
I think I'll never see.

They stand with club in hand  
And look upon the ball.  
They swing with all their might  
The ball moves not at all.

The ball goes in a trap.  
The golfers curse and shout,  
With fifteen mighty strokes,  
The ball comes barely out.

They walk in mud and sand.  
The ball is reached, and then,  
It's knocked up in the air.  
It's never seen again.

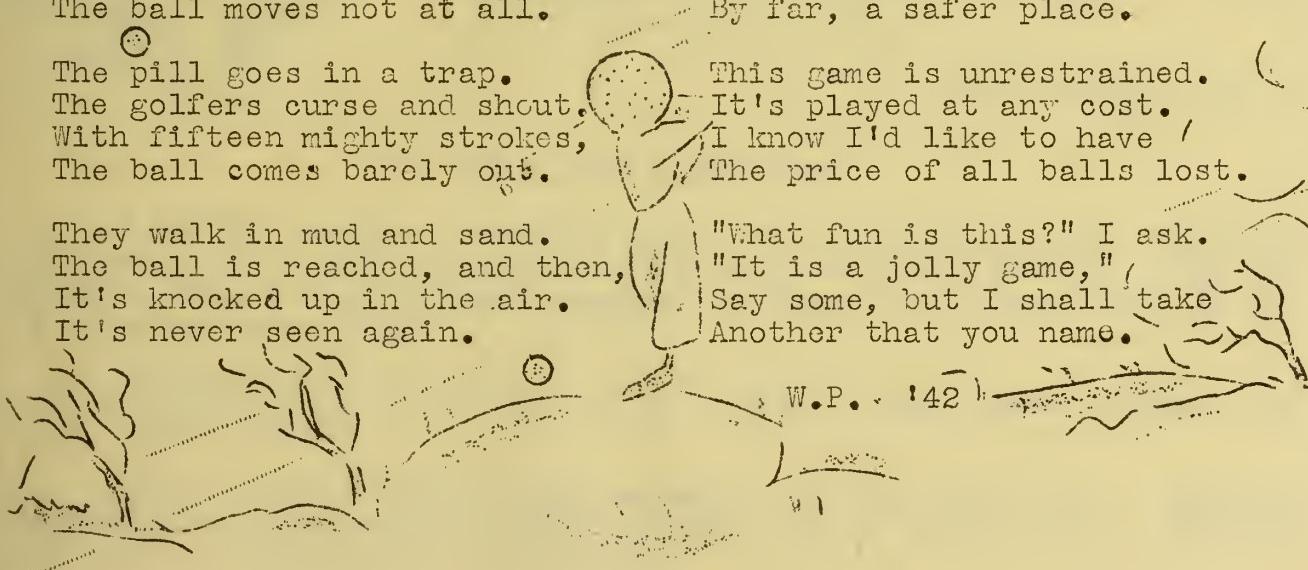
They rip and tear their pants  
On jagged stony walls,  
Attempting to regain  
Possession of the balls.

They hook and slice the balls  
Which fly through the space,  
And make a dreid "No Man's Land"  
By far, a safer place.

This game is unrestrained.  
It's played at any cost.  
I know I'd like to have  
The price of all balls lost.

"What fun is this?" I ask.  
"It is a jolly game,"  
Say some, but I shall take  
Another that you name.

W.P. '42





## The Family's Opinion

Gnamp says, "By gum! Go get my specs!  
I'll take another look.  
I've never seen anything like that  
Not even in a book!"

And Grandma, so serene and mild,  
Just rocks and says, "My, My!  
There's nothing worse can ever be  
To meet the human eye!"

Now, Dad looks on with glance so keen  
And manner of disgust.  
"I never thought they'd come to this,  
But if they must, they must!"

Big brother thinks it's all a joke;  
'Tis just the latest craze.  
While little "Joe" the family pup,  
Looks on all in a daze.



Quoth Ma, "It's awful; 'tis a shame.  
No matter what you say,  
My daughter shan't disgrace us- so  
Not even for a day!"

Says Sis in her determined way,  
"I'll do just what I please!  
If people look at me and stare,  
I'll walk away with ease!"

Of course, she'll do just what she says,  
You can be sure of that,  
She doesn't care if people laugh  
At her new Easter hat!



Rita Pooler '42

## A THRILLING INTERVIEW

A few of Boston's theatres have been featuring the personal appearance of a new Hollywood celebrity, dashing, robust, Stirling Hayden, whom I was fortunate enough to have the privilege of interviewing informally.

Stirling Hayden told me of his many experiences during the last twenty years.

The son of an advertising manager of the New York Evening Journal, he first saw the light of this world on March 26, 1916 in the city of Montclair, New Jersey.



Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Gloucester, Massachusetts. Growing up in this historic seaport, it was not surprising to me that, at the age of three, he became interested in boats and the romantic appeal of the sea.

His first trip of length occurred in his sixteenth year, when he sailed from New London, Conn., to San Pedro, California.

In the winters of 1933-'34-'35 he worked on the Getrude Thibeaud, a famous fishing schooner out of Gloucester, serving as navigator during three of the International Fisherman's Races.

Stirling and his friends used the ship Aldabaran, which formerly belonged to a Czar, to carry cargoes to and from the Indies, Tahiti, and Honolulu. After a while, he was able to purchase this boat, in which he had a very exciting experience. Leaving Panama on December 10, 1939 enroute to Boston, the crew encountered fair, favorable weather until they were off Cape Hatteras, near Charleston, S. C., where they met a raging storm. In this gale---the type well known to "vassels of the sea"---the main and top sails were blown away. The crew, with much difficulty, managed to bring the ship into port at Charleston, where it was repaired.

Now one of Hollywood's most talked-of newcomer, Stirling Hayden is himself not a stranger to the movie kingdom, having made a previous unsuccessful attempt to "crash the Golden Gates" in 1939. Stirling Hayden plans to make for Paramount, a new picture, Dildo Kay, in which he sails and maneuvers ships. In this film which is centered around the West Indies, he will co-star with the lovely "sarong girl", Dorothy Lamour.

During my interview, Mr. Hayden said, "I wish I could stay in Boston longer, but my work won't let me." He did manage to visit Gloucester, his home town. Stirling Hayden plans to reside permanently in Hollywood.

My impression of this young man was extremely favorable: He appeared to me a good, all-round fellow, not conceited, and, although I hardly know him, I am convinced that his rise to stardom has not changed his original winning personality. This interview was what I call a thrilling experience, for I am sure that I was speaking to a man who will, before long, be a movie celebrity.

Martha Webster '41

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Boyd--Make up a sentence with an interrogative pronoun,  
Stanley.

Allen--Who, Me?

Mrs. Boyd--Correct.

Mrs. Rainer--What do you do for water on the knee?

Pope--Wear pumps.





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# ASSEMBLIES

At the Christmas Assembly on December 20, the Salem W. P. A. Band rendered several Christmas Carols, the history of each being related by students. The stories of O Little Town of Bethlehem, Silent Night, and It Came Upon a Midnight Clear were told by Alene Flynn, Mildred Putnam, and Charlotte Stanley respectively. Marjorie Flynn then recited Santa Clause goes Commercial, a poem which proved to be very amusing. The work of the band for our enjoyment was much appreciated by the students.

\* \* \* \* \*

A skit entitled A Day in Court was presented on January 8 by the Commercial Law Class. This was an original mock trial, the jury being chosen from the audience.

The defendant, an infant, was being sued for failure to pay for an automobile. Her lawyer contended that, inasmuch as she was an infant and the car was not a necessity, the contract was voidable. The plaintiff claimed the car was necessity in the defendant's work. The jury found in favor of the plaintiff and ordered that the defendant should pay a reasonable amount.

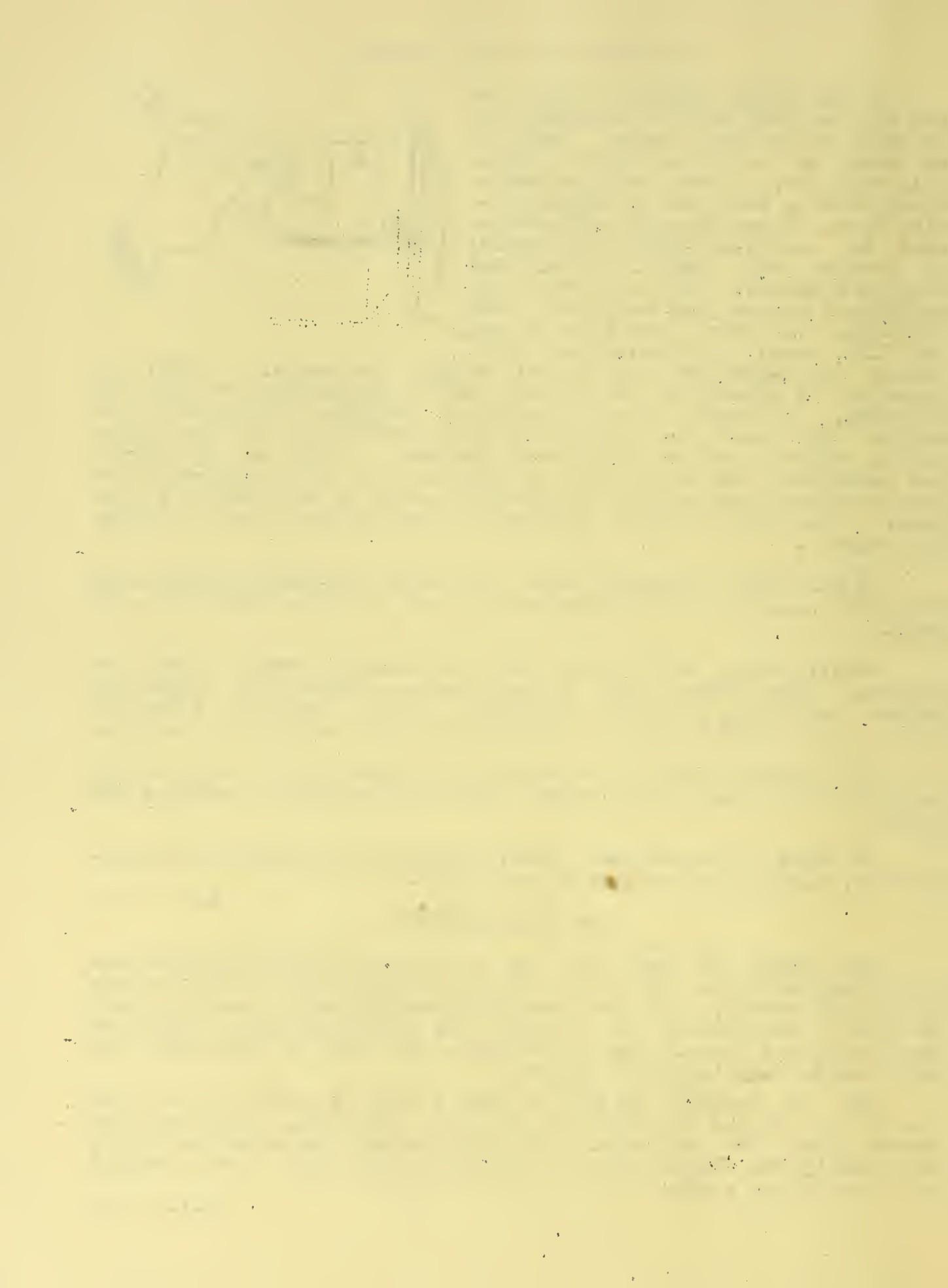
At the end of the program, the student body asked many questions on legal points and those were answered by Miss Edmondson.

Those taking part in this assembly were Lucy D'Amato, Ernest Day, Mildred Putnam, Walter Maxwell, Virginia Frederick, Robert Child, Mary Danforth, and Eleanor Tobyne. Because of the absence of two of the Law Class students, the vacancies were filled by Donald Sanford and Mary Dewar.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Herndon's assembly was held on January 22, at which time we heard an illustrated lecture by Captain Arthur Small of the United States Lighthouse Service. He explained the extensiveness of the U. S. aids to navigation and recounted some of the experiences of his life on the sea. Captain Small is now stationed the Hospital Point Lighthouse in Beverly.

\* \* \* \* \*



## COMMERCIAL CONTEST CONDUCTED

On March 14, a Commercial Contest, having three divisions, was sponsored by the commercial teachers. Five events comprised Part one of the contest; namely: a one-minute and a five-minute test, in which perfect copies were required to qualify for prizes; a ten-minute test which was scored according to classes; and a test on setting up a letter neatly and artistically.

Some very attractive work resulted from part two of the contest: Arotyping. These designs, wholly done on the typewriter, were judged on the basis of originality, uniqueness, and neatness.

Part three was arranged for the ninth grade commercial students, who submitted designs made by using penmanship drills.

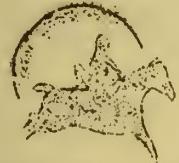
The judges for the arotyping and penmanship designs, Mrs. Lamson, Miss Anderson, and Mr. Whittier chose a fireplace scene by Elliott Perkins for first place winner in arotyping, and an American flag by Robert LeBlanc was awarded first place in the penmanship art division; Richard Carter received honorable mention.

In the one-minute test, the highest score was made by Elliott Perkins, who wrote 73 words a minute. Next were Ernest Day writing 65, and Mildred Putnam, 59 words a minute. Irene Hamilton, with a speed of 53, and Thorosa Stellino, with 48, led in the second year class. Best record in Typewriting I was that of Charlotte Stanley, with 26 words a minute, followed by Elaine St. Germain, 24; Betty Brewster, 21; Robert Chittick, 20; and Marjorie Hughes, 18.

The winner of the five-minute event was Eleanor Tobyno, who wrote a perfect test at forty-one words a minute. The ten-minute award will go to Irene Hamilton, whose paper (rated by the requirements for a fourth-year typist) won a score of 103 points. Elliott Perkins completed the letter test perfectly in three minutes.

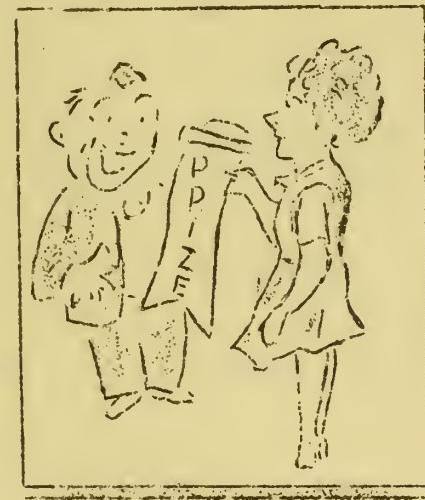
Pins and certificates will be awarded in assembly to the winners. Congratulations!

C.E.P. '41



### ..SHORTHAND PONIES RACE

In second year shorthand, we are having a race to see who can transcribe the greatest number of mailable letters. Each member of the class is the owner of a horse, which runs on the track above the blackboard.





On contest days, Miss Edrondson gives us three ~~problems~~ to transcribe. For each letter transcribed perfectly, the student moves his horse ahead one lap. In the first race of 20 laps, Mary Dewar came in first on Drummer Boy; tied for second place were Ruth Horn on Termite and Emily Watson on Conscription.

At the crack of the gun in the second race, Drummer Boy got off to a good start followed by Conscription and Termite. A few of the horses, Ketchup, Slowpolicie, and Silver Mane, had trouble in breaking away from the post, but are now straining to catch up with the leaders.

This race makes the shorthand class very interesting and encourages the pupils to try harder to transcribe their letters perfectly.

M.D. '42

### ALUMNI NOTES

We have received the following recent news from former students! The HAMILTONIAN will welcome news from any of our Alumni.

Henry Baker is a sergeant in the Air Corps in Florida.

Peggy Millerick is working in the office of the Copley Plaza Hotel.

Edward Belliveau is in the naval reserves on the S. S. Harry Lee in Virginia.

Sidney MacDonald is a private at Denver, Colorado

Walter Fowler is stationed at Fort Devens where he is a corporal in the medical division.

Milton Sanford is a corporal at Camp Edwards' Headquarters Battery.

Richard Grant is a corporal in the Air Corps at Bolling Field in Washington, D. C.

Robert Hamilton is a private in the Coast Artillery at Fort McKinley in Portland, Maine.

Ralph Harrigan is taking a course in aeronautics at Pittsburgh Institute in Pennsylvania.

Gordon McRae is a student at the Salem Teachers' College.

Thomas Millerick is studying at Michigan State University. We understand he is interested in the veterinarian course.

Neil Moynihan is a corporal in the Army Air Corps stationed in Boston.

Joseph Phancuf is a private in the U. S. Army and is stationed at the Philippines.

Van Withco is a student at Kansas State University.

William Goodhue is at Camp Edwards.

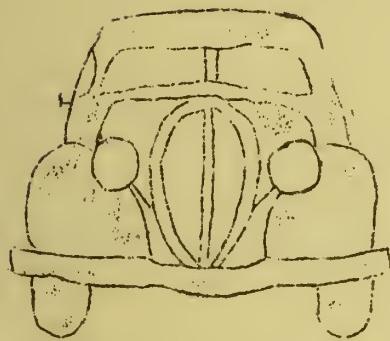
Irene Hariton is studying at Salem Commercial night school.

Dorothy Thompson of the Class of '40 is working as a telephone operator in the Hamilton Exchange.

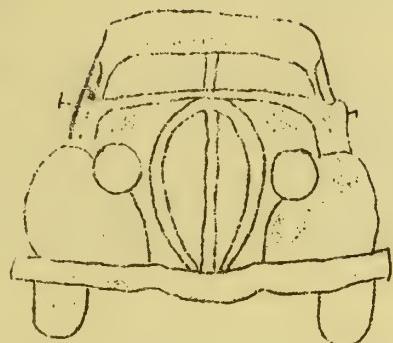


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# ATHLETICS

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season ended with a record of six games won and four lost (league games). The girls this year gave much better evidence of teamwork, and went into each game with greater confidence and a firm determination to play the game to win.

Putnam was consistently a high scorer in practically every game, and showed great playing skill. Her running mates, Dorothy McCarthy and Virginia Frederick, played well. The playing of all three was of the best calibre in the last two games when all of them seemed to click on passing and cutting.

The shining star among the guards was MacDonald, who has this season given her best to her playing position of center guard. There were moments in some games when she took on the appearance of a one-man defense team. She was, however, ably assisted by Emeny, Anderson and Schofield. Each girl did a creditable piece of work with perhaps an extra compliment to Emeny who has played basketball this year for the first time.

This year, the girls have worked in the principles of zone defense along with their man-to-man playing, and, in situations where they could use it, it has worked very effectively. Incidentally, many of the games won this season can be directly attributed to the splendid defense work of the guards.

The last two games with W. Newbury and Merrimac provided an attractive wind-up for the season--each game coming in for a full share of excitement bordering on fever heat. These games were not only close in scores, but fast. The excitement was terrific during the last few seconds of the W. Newbury game when Putnam put on a miraculous piece of playing by building up Hamilton's score from 28 to 35 points. She literally tore around the floor sinking one basket after another--afeat which required iron steady nerves and tremendous self-control. Hamilton was acclaimed the winner according to the scoreboard, but the official scorer's book showed a different answer which had to be accepted, inasmuch as no "discrepancy" (at the time it was noted) was reported until after the referee's whistle blew and the game was called, after which a game score cannot be contested. The excitement was at such a high pitch, and the crowd went so wild, that it was impossible to even know what was happening on the floor, and if any technical "mistake" was made, it can be explained by this reason. However, in our town, it was a Hamilton victory, moral and otherwise.

The girls deserve recognition this year on the basis of the record which they have chalked up, and it must be admitted that they were a definite threat to some of the teams who were setting up individual team records.



Basketball has come to mean something as a sport for which the girls were willing to give much. This was evidenced by the two players, Putnam and MacDonald, who, though almost physically unable to play, stuck out the game until the last whistle blew. The other players likewise were impelled with the same sincere desire to give the game everything they had.

The team next year will feel keenly the loss of the entire forward string and Emeny from the guards. This means that a careful scanning of products of the junior high team must be made, and it looks from where we sit that most of the team, with conscientious practice and much needed experience in ball handling and playing, should be able to "graduate" to an upper berth. Though their season was a very poor one, the team had the opportunity to get the feel of the game, and, with time and practice, should show improvement in another year. The junior high roster was made up of M. Flynn, P. McCarthy, Simpson, R. Elario, P. Tobyne, and Cullinane.

#### Varsity Team Players

Putnam (Captain)	Emeny
D. McCarthy	Anderson
Frederick	M. Schofield
MacDonald	P. McCarthy (Substitute)

#### SCOREBOARD READINGS OF THE SEASON

##### Hamilton

Georgetown...	24.....	26
Groveland....	11.....	7
Topsfield....	18.....	29
Merrimac....	36.....	27
Groveland....	19.....	28
Topsfield....	19.....	33
W. Newbury....	36.....	22
Georgetown...	25.....	28
W. Newbury....	35.....	33
Merrimac....	23.....	28

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Walter: Par is 72.  
O'Leary: Is that so? How old  
is Ma?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Payne: Why do you wear such  
loud socks?

Gilchrest: I have to keep my feet from going to sleep in your classes.



\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*



Don't Overlook  
the Little Things  
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# BOYS' BASKETBALL

With five letter-men back to start the Hamilton High Quintet onto its 1940-41 blaze of glory, the basketball season was destined to be filled with thrills and excitement of victory.

The five, consisting of Merrill Smallwood, Robert Marks Henry Jackson, Richard O'Leary, and Dexter Gilchrest, started hostilities off by downing the Alumni twice. With these two victories under their belts, the hoopsters proceeded to defeat one team after the other in the Merrimac League. The first half was quite a heated contest, as both Hamilton and West Newbury were undefeated when they met in West Newbury; however, the home team proceeded to pull the shade down on them and come home still victorious. Encouraged with the thought of being the first team ever to win the league without defeat, the hoopsters were spirited on and accomplished this fete, thus becoming champions of the Merrimac league.

Then they proceeded into the Haverhill tournament as favorites but were fighting the "law of average." Having twice before beaten Rockport tournament activities, it was their turn to lose out to Rockport. This they did by the score of 31-25.

All in all, the schedule ended in triumph, and a magnificent banquet put on by the domestic science class for the boys and girls appropriately terminated the most successful basketball season since the 1934-35 team.

The schedule was as follows:

Hamilton	48	Alumni	34
"	55	"	13
* "	52	Georgetown	.9
Danvers	52	Hamilton	13
*Hamilton	21	Groveland	9
Manchester	29	Hamilton	26
*Hamilton	31	Topsfield	22
* "	32	Herrimac	30
* "	45	Groveland	18
St. John's	54	Hamilton	26
*Hamilton	46	Topsfield	24
* "	46	W. Newbury	26
* "	45	Georgetown	22
Manchester	45	Hamilton	27
*Hamilton	28	W. Newbury	17
* "	50	Herrimac	36
Lunenburg	30	Hamilton	24

## Haverhill Tournament

Hamilton 36-Topsfield 16  
\*League Games

Rockport 31-Hamilton 25



Even though the secord team did not enjoy an undefeated season, every man gave a very good account of himself, and the squad fought good games against opponents rated much higher. It is hoped that next year's second team will come through victorious.

They faired as follows:

Alumni	42
"	39
Hamilton	25
Danvers	13
Hamilton	29
St. John's	8
Manchester	16
Lunenburg	17

Hamilton	37
"	22
Georgetown	10
Hamilton	12
Manchester	21
Hamilton	5
"	15
"	12
	Incomplete

#### Letter-Men

Smallwood
O'Leary
Gilchrest
Jackson
Marks
Sanford, Mgr.

Cullity
Armstrong
Wallace
D. A. Perkins
Lockford
W. S. Perkins

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE KING'S ENGLISH

What is a double petunia?  
Well, a petunia is a  
flower like a begonia;  
A begonia is a meat like  
a sausage;  
A sausage and battery is  
crime;  
Monkeys crime trees;  
Trees a crowd;  
A rooster crowd in the morn-  
ing and made a noise;  
A noise is on your face like  
your eyes;  
The eyes are opposite of the nays;  
A horse nays and has a colt;  
You get a colt and go to bed and wake  
up in the morning with double  
petunia.

---Selected

Poor little fly upon the  
wall,  
Him ain't got no home at  
all.  
Him ain't got no mom to  
comb his hair.  
Him don't care - - - -  
Him ain't got no hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MATHEMATICALLY SPEAKING

Mrs. Farmer: "Donald,  
in the Smith family  
there are the fa-  
ther, the mother,  
and the baby. How  
many does that  
make?"

Donald Elario:  
"Two and one to  
carry!"



• • • • DOTS and DASHES - - - -

It has been noticed in Mr. Malone's French I class that poetry is becoming extremely popular with a very naughty young lad. The name is Martini in French. Joe Cunn to outsiders.

Where was Meyer in that long period of absence? Numerous reports stated he had been wounded in a cavalry skirmish with the "foe". It seems an army and horse complex has quite overcome him. It might be well to state that General Meyer has been awarded a medal for bravery by Latin II Class.

What would all those pretty girls do if it weren't for you, Dexter? Why, they would have to walk all the way home! I think it's wonderful that you're so considerate and take them home in your car. If any of you young maidens should be in distress, call Hamilton 526, and you will be promptly attended to.

Congratulations to Cullity, Dodge, and Armstrong for finishing their book reports! Even if you did have to stay up two nights in a row until five, boys, wasn't it worth reading that fine book, Poe's Prose Tales? By the way, Cullity, who wrote it?

James Armstrong was today expected to break the all-time record for being absent and late. What! has a new book, entitled Excuses for Absences and Tardiness, been published?

\*(The record in 1938 was established by Phil Hansbury)

WANTED: Work for two skilled interior decorators. Our work has been approved by Mr. Payne. Apply to Morrow and Crowell, Inc.

Many pupils were shocked to see Alone Flynn appear in school with a black eye. The inside story has not yet been disclosed; meanwhile, she insists that she walked into an open door in the dark.

Miss Stanley takes a great liking to French, in fact, she likes it so well that every morning she recites a beautiful little poem for the rest of the class. How sweet of her! Continuez le bon travail.

Who were those two boys who thumbed all the way up from Newburyport on that cold night to see you, Miss Danforth? They seem to be quite interested in someone, not mentioning any names.

Well! Dana even if you're eye isn't so good on the basketball floor, you take all honors in the lower corridor for a direct hit. Hitler is looking for men like you. Were you trying to make the corridor look like a blitzkrieged glass factory?

NOTICE TO THE PEOPLE AT THE HAVERHILL TOURNAMENT: When Smallwood dribbled down the floor all alone and sunk a splendid back-hand shot, unknown sources have it that he was urged on by a cute little girl from Topsfield who was sitting in the balcony.



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# JUNIOR HIGH COMPROMISE



hat. One looked as bad as the other to me. Perched on a counter, legs dangling, I wondered whether "Sis" intended to get a flower garden, a vegetable garden, or a bird's nest to crown her glorious golden curls.

Sister would say to me sweetly, "How do you like this one, dear?" and I would look pleased and reply, "That's nice. Why don't you get that one and hurry up?" Then she would spy one she thought she liked a little better, and the process would start all over again. By this time, I was getting very bored and uneasy, when Sister cried, "Oh isn't this one just ducky? Don't you just love the little feather?"

All I could see was feather, and as I was really exasperated, I told her it was absurd, hoping that it would have the effect I desired.

"Oh, is that so? Well, just for that, I'm going to buy this one!"

Imagine my relief to hear that my plan had worked!

Taking her by the hand, I led her down the street, toward the Bijou. As it happened, we took our seats as the news pictures concluded, and we were nicely settled, lovingly sharing a bag of peanuts, when the feature picture flashed on the screen.



# A MUSIC LESSON

After John Greene, a husky boy about the age of ten, red-headed and freckled face, had finished playing a game of football, he hurried to the home of Miss Lane, his piano teacher, who greeted him at the wide door, with a withering stare. "Well, Johnny," she said coldly, "do you realize you are a half an hour late?"

"Me?" murmured Johnny in a low voice.

"Oh, no," replied Miss Lane, sarcastically. "I was only talking to myself. Well, don't stand there looking so dazed. Come in."



Johnny walked in very reluctantly and sat down at the piano.

"Now," Miss Lane said in an icy tone, "where is your music?"

"My music?" Johnny's face was as blank as could be. Then, after tapping the outside of each pocket, he brightened. He answered emitting a sign of relief. "Oh! yes, I've got it right here, in my pocket."

"In your pocket!" cried Miss Lane. "How did you ever get it into your pocket?"

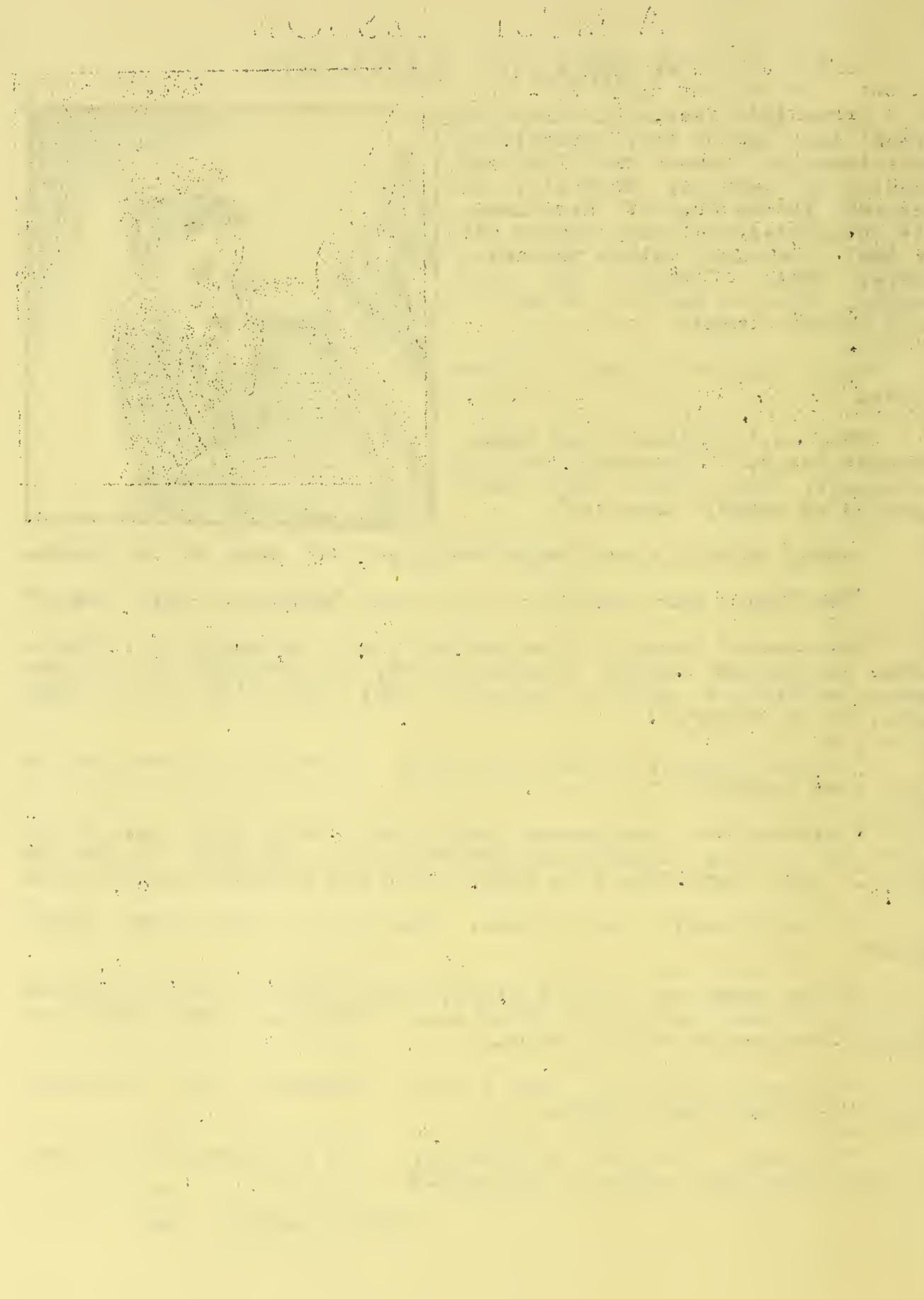
"Oh! that was very easy. Would you like to learn how to do it?" he replied, pleased that she was taking interest in his affairs. Miss Lane drew in a deep breath and mentally counted ten.

"I would not!" she stormed. "Now begin your lesson, young man!"

Johnny began to play his piece, much against his will, missing every other note until Miss Lane shrieked, "Stop, boy!" and clapped her hands over her ears.

"Have you practiced your lesson, Johnny?" she questioned trying to regain her dignity.

"Oh, yes," he said reassuringly, "but you know, Miss Lane, I think your piano needs to be tuned."



## THE EASTER SURPRISE

It was a beautiful, clear, spring afternoon; the girls had assembled at Flossie's house, and the sound of their friendly, animated chatting floated out the open window. As one might have guessed, the main topic of discussion was the clothes they were going to wear Easter, the following day.

Flossie declared eagerly to Peggy, "I have the darlingest hat you have ever seen. It's a turban in the new 'Knockout Red' with a nest of cunning blue-birds perched on top of it." At this, some of the girls listening begged Flossie to show them the turban, but she firmly assured them that it would be a surprise for Easter.

"Pooh, that's nothing," scoffed Peggy, who always wanted to be superior to others. "I'll bet you'll fall over flat when you get a look at my new suit."

You'd never dream it isn't tailor made, and its pockets are so big you could stuff encyclopedias in them!"

"Ah, but all of you will really get a surprise tomorrow when you see what I'm going to wear," spoke up Louise, who, though she was teased and teased to reveal what she would wear, refused to give even the faintest hint.

Easter surprise! Yes, indeed. But the cause wasn't Flossie's hat, or Louise's clothes, but the fact that on the day of days, there was the worst, cold, northeast rain-storm that locality had experienced for several years, which meant new clothes would have to wait in their closets until a fair day enabled them to be shown off out-of-doors.

Anne Nielsen '45

## SIGNS OF SPRING

While walking in the woodland,  
I saw first signs of spring;  
Gay pussywillows nodded,  
A note of cheer to bring.

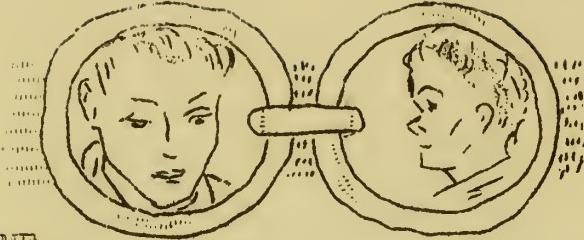
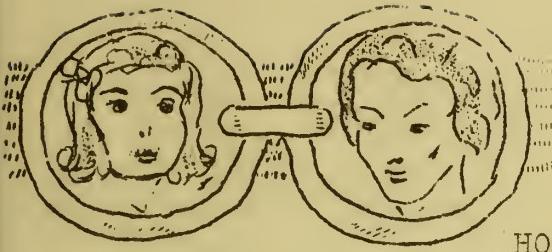
The buds on trees were swelling;  
A flower was peeping through;  
'twas fragrant trailing arbutus,  
The flower of dainty hue.

As I felt the warm spring sunshine,  
I marveled at Nature's work;  
She's mindful of the seasons,  
Her duties she's never shirked.

Joseph E. Austin '44



PHOTOGRAPH



## HOME, SWEET HOME

"Come to dinner, children," called Mrs. Jones for the third time. The radio was blasting the latest swing tunes, and Bill and Dotty cut a few capers while they proceeded to answer the call.

"What will you have, Dad?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she began to survey the sweet-smelling and steaming dishes of vegetables before her.

"Everything, Mother. What's this I hear about Dot's going to New York?"

Mrs. Jones replied, "Yes, she----Billy! keep your fingers out of the pudding! Did you know that Mr. Goodman died last night? He was a goo---"

"Hey, Ma! Can I go to the movies tonight?" interrupted Bill.

"Young man, if you interrupt again, I shall have to punish you, severely." Father tried to look stern, but he had this thought on the movies, too.

Dot considered it her turn now. "Did you go to the bridge party last night, Mother?" she said in her sophisticated way of speaking.

"Yes, I did, dear, and did you see Mrs. Johnson at the store this morning? She had a new hat!"

"Oh, yes! They say it's her fifth one this season. It's just too chic."

"Ahem! As I was saying," Father managed to say, "is-----"

"That hat has no taste, in my opinion," interrupted Mrs. Jones again.

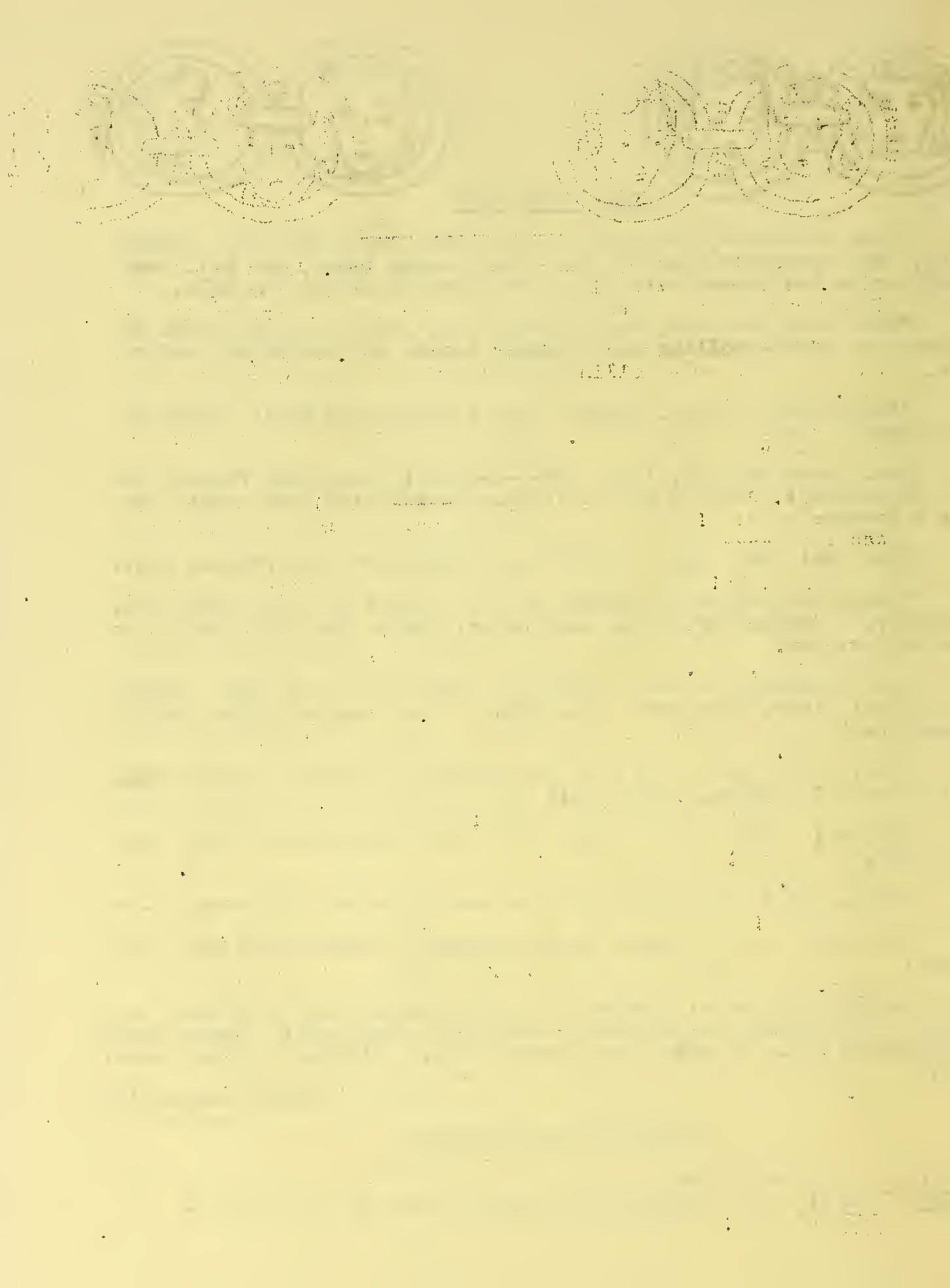
During this verbal exchange no one noticed Dad slip from the table, but if they had listened carefully, they might have heard him mutter, while he poked the furnace fire, "Home, Sweet Home! Bah!"

Robert Greeley '44

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Wallace: Are you broke?

Dodge: Am I! All a pickpocket could get from me is practice.



# AN URGENT CAUSE

FIRST TO START TO  
OHIO

In my opinion, some form of sign should be erected on all of the highways leading into Hamilton, giving the name of the town and a brief history of it. One of the oldest towns along the North Shore, Hamilton is rich in historical background, and yet a stranger could pass through the town without knowing its name.

There are a number of interesting bits of information which might be incorporated on the sign. At one time, Hamilton was a part of Ipswich, but through the untiring efforts of the Reverend Manasseh Cutler, freedom from the mother town was obtained, and the settlement of Hamilton was incorporated in 1793. The great statesman, Alexander Hamilton, was a friend of the local clergyman, at whose suggestion the town fathers decided to name the town in his honor.

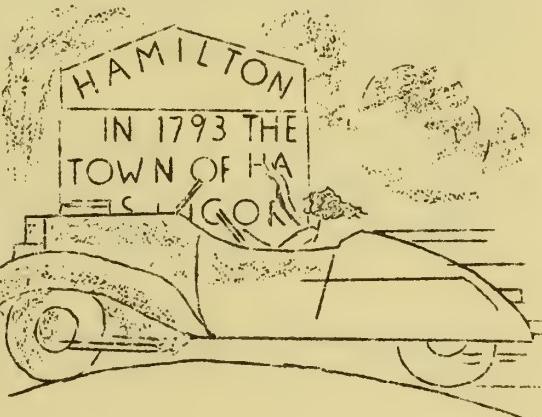
Some of the early Hamilton settlers were interested in the development of the Northwest Territory. A covered wagon, with a band of pioneers from this and nearby towns set out for Marietta, Ohio, from the First Congregational Church of Hamilton.

Our town is the home of the historic Myopia Hunt Club, one of the oldest hunt clubs in the United States. It has also been the home of the late George von L. Meyer, who was ambassador to Germany, Italy, and Russia, and one-time Postmaster General. The late Augustus Peabody Gardner, a Congressman, also made his home here.

Among famous visitors to our town was the Prince of Wales, later King of England, who once rode to hounds through the fields of Hamilton at the time he was visiting at the beautiful home of a well-known resident.

The Asbury Grove Camp Meeting Association has been conducting religious meetings during the summer in Hamilton for almost a hundred years, bringing thousands of visitors to its grounds.

We are glad to have all these visitors, but do we show it? Is it not time that signs were erected in conspicuous places on the highways so that the many may know what town they are in and for what it is noted, and perhaps feel a desire to pause for a visit, as we should like to have them do?





# RESOLUTIONS

Why do we always prepare an alibi if we anticipate trouble with our parents or teachers? I guess it is just human nature. Speaking personally, I find myself doing it, and I believe everyone who finds himself in rather a tight spot resorts to this form of self-defense.

Many times when I have done something wrong, I have spent anxious minutes figuring a good alibi; but when the time comes for me to give what I hope to be a convincin' story, the words won't come out. I stutter and stammer and become red in the face. By this time everybody is laughing at me and I give up.

If you should try to count the times your alibis weren't successful, I don't believe that you would be able. So why not try to "smarten up", as you might say, as I am trying to do? Forget your alibis and tell the truth! You will feel a lot more comfortable, and, too, you won't be known as "Alibi Ike".

Patricia McCarthy '44

## HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR PERSONALITY

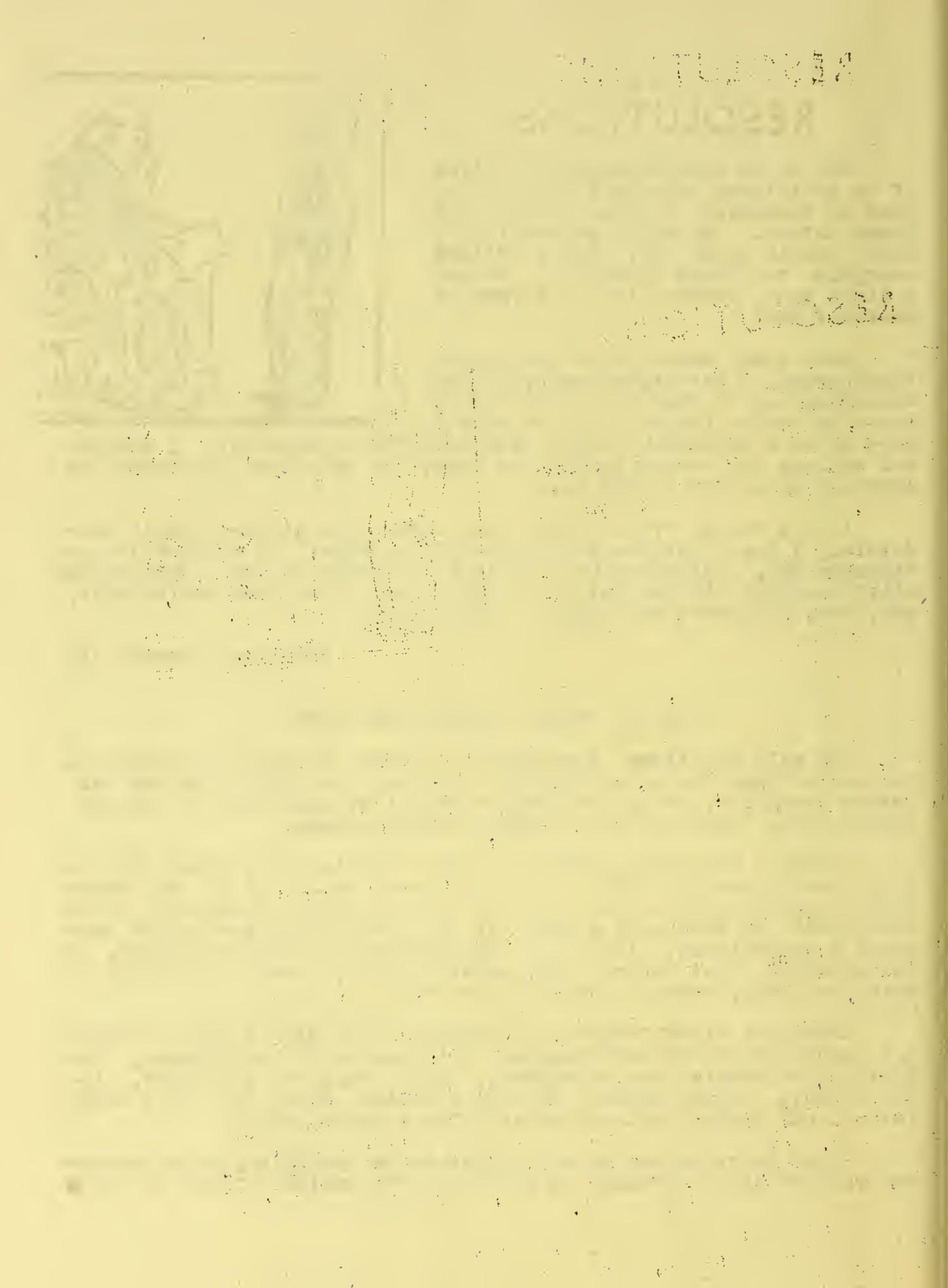
You will doubtless agree that to make yourself unpopular is far easier than to make yourself popular, and that once one has become unpopular, he is destined to stay that way unless a decided change takes place in his attitude towards others.

Lately I have been reading of sure ways to annoy others and to gain their ill-will. The one I think most common is to go about hurting people's feelings, for instance by calling attention to an impediment in another's speech or by criticising some other personal imperfections. Although the short-coming may be glaring, it is the truth that hurts, and, unfortunately, many do not like to hear the truth, even if they ask for it.

Among the other traits that people do not like in their friends are monopolizing the conversation, bragging about possessions, belittling someone's accomplishments, being too blunt and frank, interrupting, always trying to tell a better story than the other fellow, and saying uncomplimentary things about people.

Since there is no one who wishes to be unpopular, it is suggested that we all take time to see if we are guilty of any of these





failings that might make us unpopular. Perhaps we can find some things which we could well discard from our personal habits, thus making us more likeable individuals.

Mary Lou Cullity '45

## HOUSE-CLEANING YOUR ENGLISH

Have you ever thought of the queer similes and exaggerations with which we clutter our speech today? Trite phrases, such as "as easy as rolling off a log," "as good as gold," "as old as the hills," "as pretty as a picture," or "as brown as a berry," ought to be discarded as threadbare and inexpressive. Few similes give a vivid picture to describe what we mean.

Worse than these are the exaggerations we employ. It is not a sign of intelligence to insist that you have done a thing "forty-million" times, which, you will agree, is far from the truth. Have you ever considered how long it would take to do a thing that many times? If you haven't, try it sometime. When we fear we are not expressing ourselves adequately, we often exaggerate, and are thus in danger of having our friends consider us silly and juvenile.

Springtime is house-cleaning time at home. Would it not be a good time to do some house-cleaning on your English? Others will probably find you more pleasant to listen to, if you do.

Betty Heyer '45

## ACTIONS DISPLAYED

The girls of the Home Economics Dept. held their annual fashion show at the high school on February 5th with St. Valentine providing the theme for the show this year.

The audience was greeted with cordial valentine verses recited by the Misses N. Thimmer and B. Foster.

The curtain opened upon a large heart mounted at the front of the stage. To the strains of "Our Love Affair" individual girls appeared and after modeling their dresses went to the heart and pinned a letter upon it--the final sentiment spelling out "will you be my Valentine?"

The 8th grade girls put on a specialty number with a simple dance routine. Each girl carried a large Valentine bouquet which at the conclusion was pinned effectively to the back curtain to form a floral heart design.

The conclusion of the show was a valentine queen, framed in a heart. Miss Betty Holland, the queen, had for her attendants the Misses S. Nielsen, N. Thimmer, B. Foster, Cullity, Cronk, and Adams.

The girls made and served appropriate refreshments.



# NEWS

## EIGHTH GRADE DOINGS

The History Question Quiz, boys versus girls, conducted by Gr. VIII at the assembly program on January 15 proved instructive and interesting to all. Competition was keen. At the close of the assembly the score stood 2-2.

The pupil of Grades VII and VIII have completed some very fine posters on Kindness to Animals for the annual contest conducted by the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

## NAVY DEFEATS ARMY

The closing of the Army-Navy Contest conducted in the junior business class found the Navy on top with a score of 85 and the Army not far behind with 83 points. Those who received the highest ranks were Barbara Allen, first, with seventeen points; second, with Fifteen points John McParland; and Milton Lougee, third, with fourteen.

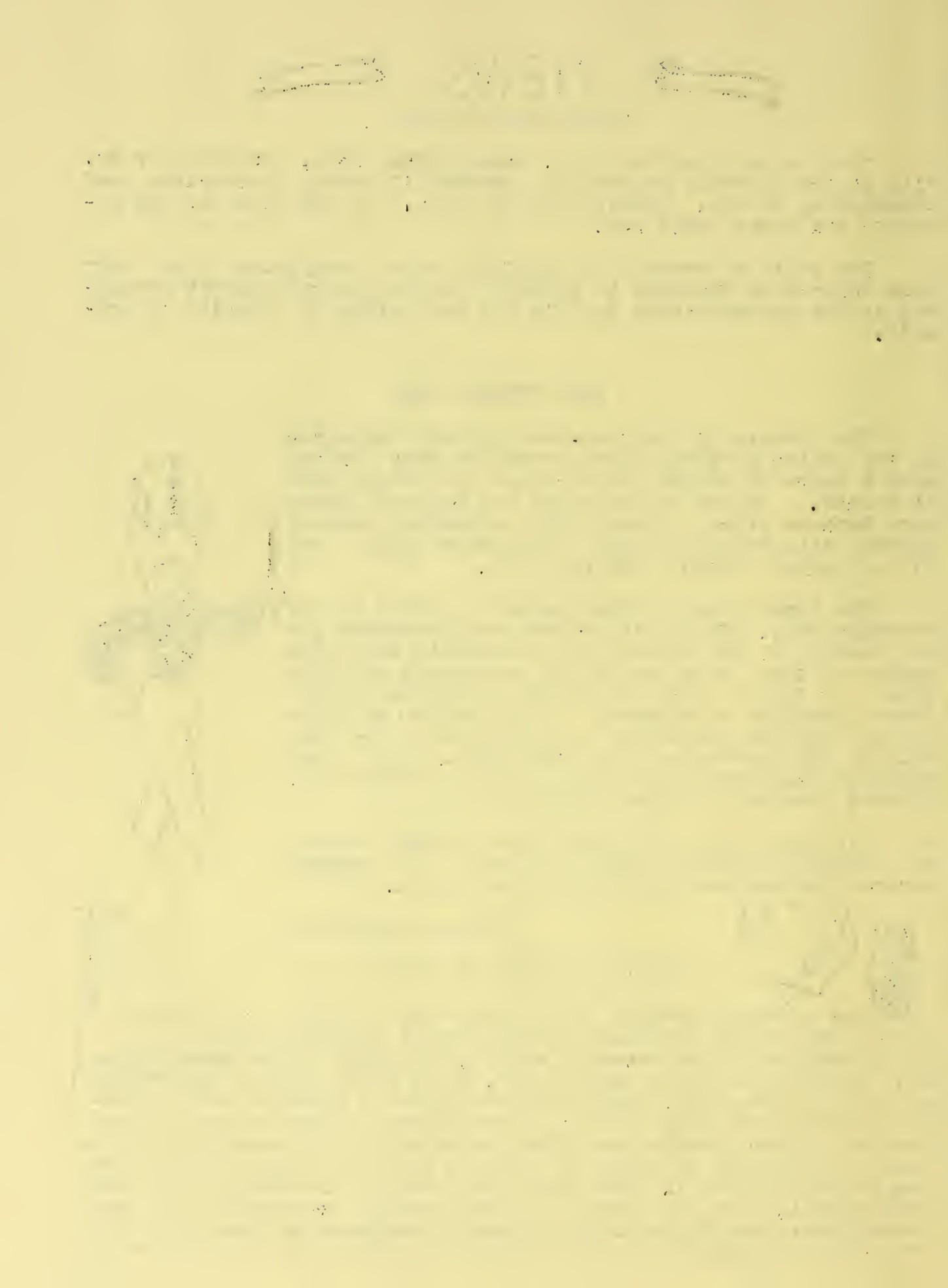
The final round of the contest was held in the assembly hall. This quiz program was presented for the benefit of the members of the seventh and eighth grades so that they would be acquainted with the study of junior business before planning their future schedule of studies. Each member of the junior business class drew a question from the box held by the instructor, Miss Edmondson. For each question answered correctly, the contestant was given a chocolate "silver dollar."

Although this is not the first contest which the business class has had this year, it proved interesting and exciting to all the pupils.

Milton Lougee '44

## ENGLISH CLASSES BROADCAST

The assembly program held on February 5 under the supervision of Miss Ready was held in the form of a radio program, in which members of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades participated. Eugene Putnam was interviewer, while Caroline Dove entertained with a piano solo, Donald McIntosh with an anecdote about Abraham Lincoln, and Sally Nielson, Betty Meyer, Milton Lougee, Robert Greeley, Revere Brooks, and Patricia McCarthy expressed their opinions on a variety of subjects based on original compositions written in English class. Earl Flynn was station announcer, and Joe Hempenstall, with his natural English accent, broadcasted the very latest news from England. The school microphone was used, and the program was amplified through the loud speaker into the auditorium.



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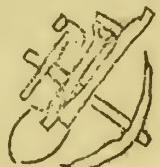
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